

on which occasion he behaved himself like a nice
+ good English nobleman."

Later, at any rate, he held command in the King's
Army, & on one of these occasions, he, he was,
nearly sixty, he led the mass of Braves to the battle
in the campaign, which ended in the battle of Gladden
field, (1575).

"From Benicjant to P. & C. Hill
From Linton to Long Addingham,
And all that Craven coast, and I will,
They, with the Cusby Clifford came;
All Skarcliffe hundred went with him,
With Striplings strong from Wharfedale,
And all that Galtun hills did climb
With Longstrath etc, & Kelson Dale,
Whose milk & good yellow & fleshy bred
Well I found, with sounder brows upland;
All such as Norton Fells had fed

On Clifford's banner did abound. —

And if you want to know the names of the men
who went out with Lord Clifford & the weapons
they bore, then they are to be seen to this day in
the Dault Hall of Bolton Abbey.

The good Lord Clifford spent much of his time in restoring his ~~own~~ various castles which had been laid waste during the long civil wars of the Roses.

In the Canal were of Charles's time, the castle
of the Clifford, very again said castle, & thus brought
was restored by a woman, Anne, Countess
of Pembroke, of whom we have already spoken, &
most nobly lady who to the dwell after her people, and
in the poor read & studied with all diligence & wit.
a pattern to all daughters in the great love she bore
to her own house. Amongst the castle she restored in the ancient
of the Clifford, in the pleasant market town of Shipton

The source of the Midd does not lie deep back amongst the western mountains as do those of the Aire & the Wharfe. Its spring is in Great Wharfedale, the most eastern of the mountains, i.e. a region well suited to a rugged Yorkshire. Many wild glens carry their 'becks' to swell its waters; & wherever a beck falls into the main stream, you can upon a farm-building, or a cottage or a gentleman's house.

Not far from its source, the river disappears, or nearly so, into a cavern called the Gorden Pot; & you may hear the waters rustling along underground for nearly half a mile, then it comes out again, having carved a very long narrow cavern in the mountain limestone. ~~And the Midd~~

~~And the Midd does not linger among the~~
~~Pennine as long as its fair sister rivers the~~

~~Paltry Bridge it is a broad lowland stream, with a~~
~~broad tree-shaded outcrop is the most curious~~

~~light of the Midd Valley. The road gradually rises,~~
~~until it reaches a bare moor, about 1000 feet above~~

~~the sea; & over which are scattered groups of rocks~~
~~of enormous size & every odd shape, you can~~

~~imagine of. They are scattered together, but their~~
~~only reason for remaining together is that you cannot help~~

~~seeing them as a great jumble - plaything~~
~~Scattered on the nursery floor of the giants, perhaps.~~

There is the Ogden & the Wharfe, the Lamb, the
Ykely Allen, the Pulpit, the great swelling Swale, & splendid

more to which some have been joined on account
of their likeness to some object. The Hocking, however,

is as very curious, - enormous & with
a small town, that you can make out by standing

upon them & waving your hand to you. And this because
they

large as they are, they rest upon a small and ^{low} ^{213p35cmx34}
narrow point at the bottom. ^{which} ^{can} you read it
cland upright on your hand of the car around behind
support. There are pillars, & obelisks like Cleopatra's,
Needle & a Druid's Cairn with little peninsulas like
Widdow's & the great Cannon Rock where lightning
is pierced with round holes as if cannonball
had been shot through hit.

You wonder if there are remains of these impetuous
Druids who have left their open stone temples
on more than one such high bleak walls. But no
is running water, frost veins, have worn
out the smooth shapes. The whole history
is too long to tell, but there is much we may
say here. The rock of the most undulating gait,
~~is~~ consists of many thin layers lying
close upon one another, but some harder
& some softer than the rest. Now the rain has
known how to work its way into the softer
parts of the rock: there comes a frost, the water
in the rocks freezes, & swells in freezing them, cracks
free the rock just as you have seen a pitcher
filled with water break in a hard frost. Simple
as this explanation sounds, it accounts for
the strange shapes of the Kinnsham Cairns.

Now the mildness of the climate which covered the
moor came to be broken up in the first place
in a long story, & history, to a time when
this part of England lay, sometimes under
under a huge ice-cap such as that which
now covers the greater part of Greenland.

Nearly three centuries ago a discovery
was made in Indderdale which drew the world
people in great numbers to what was then
a wild country, low & bleak. Soon the land
of Harrogate sprang up the oldest, & still the
most

most fashionable inland watering place of the north, whether people crowd every summer in search of health & pleasure. Now there are baths, & pump rooms, & promenade & pleasant garden, & all the attractions of a watering place in the season; &, even when the place is quiet, which, probably, does the visitors as much good as the water, & which Hargrave is celebrated.

The discovery which 'made' Hargrave was that of a Spa. (see Sprawl). That is, a spring of water containing substances useful as medicine in certain complaints.

~~When you remember that many substances used as medicine are - such as sulphur, iron salt, magnesia, iron - are mineral substances,~~

~~but is that they are contained in the earth. The~~
 rain, as you know, penetrates far into the earth, finding its way into cracks, & seeping away the rocks as it goes. In time, every underground crack & crevice becomes filled with water, & when these recesses are too full to hold any more, the water is forced out in springs.

The water of these springs has, occasionally, an exceedingly unpleasant taste; for the underground stream, which at last breaks out in a spring, carries with it iron, or sulphur, or magnesia, or soda, or whatever substance it passes through. When the substances held in the water of the spring are medicinal, the spring is called a Spa. (after a watering-place in ^{Belgium} ~~Germany~~). & persons suffering from certain complaints go to such springs to drink, or to bathe in the water.

One of the brilliant Sturgesby who had travelled in Germany

Germany discovered the first Spa, 1594; from then
of this medicinal spring
has been found in Saragosa, all containing
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more or less sulphur or iron. In no spot as
many as seventeen springs lie close together, yet
the waters of no two are quite alike.

Many of the visitors to Saragosa go there for a pleasant
summer holiday, & have no ailments to be cured by
the Spas.

On the opposite bank of the Urd, which is here a
broad, full river, rise the ruined towers of
Mareborough Castle which stood on a high
cliff overhanging the river & precipice from
which you look far down on the winding Urd
& the grey-green ash-trees which overhang the stream.

The early writer describes Harrogate as a
 very great castle with 11 or 12 towers in the wall.
 beside "one very faire tower within". The
 very fair tower was the keep, three stories high
 not including the underground dungeons. Now the keep
 was converted before it was carried to Pontefract.
 And here the fair brought who murdered Thomas
 a Becket are said to have kept in hiding for

The small town of ^{years} Harrogate is most prettily placed: indeed
 there is hardly a town in Yorkshire so beautiful
 for situation.

Kensleydale

Kensleydale is the upper valley of the Wharfe & is
 named after the pretty village of Kensley. It is
 not a bit like ^{any} of the dales we have stated to
 have explored. They are narrow, picturesque, by no means
 perfectly bright, it is true with the very green grass
 which belongs to mountain fens, their trees &
 clumps of fir wood & groups of the cold green adobe.

So lovely are they that you think there is
 nothing more to be desired until you get into
 Kensleydale, when you are filled with a new
 & pleasures & satisfactions.

Kensleydale is a broad open valley, abundant
 as Surrey where wide corn fields flow in the sun
 & the foliage of the trees is thick & dark, casting
 black shadows on the grass which has lost
 its ^{brightness} ~~freshness~~ a little in the warm sunlight.
 This is a valley to make the heart glad & hand
 feel for is not the pretty corn waving before
 your eyes?

24. It is bounded in, north & south, by the mountain
ending in limestone cliffs, & as you stand
on the northern edge, & look across the Coandoon
valley - there they are again on the further side,
the barren moor, making the scene of yellow colour
the cadens forest tree - all the more precious by
contrast.

The northern edge of the snow from which you look
over the valley is full of picturesque spots.

over the valley is full of ~~pebbles~~ ^{which is} ~~very~~ ^{very}
 the need not make our way up to the head of
 a stream of ~~thunder~~ ^{water} ~~fall~~ ^{which is} ~~very~~ ^{very}
~~great~~ ^{great} ~~in the~~ ^{in the} ~~region~~ ^{region} ~~as we have already described~~ ^{as we have already described}
 being to go down the hill

But the ~~more~~ ^{more} ~~pleasant~~ ^{pleasant} region
~~is~~ - But the ~~more~~ ^{more} ~~pleasant~~ ^{pleasant} region
from Kansas a grey dilapidated tower is ~~seen~~
seen from the station, but better nothing when
you are within it. It over-looks a fine valley,
studded with trees - where are ~~any~~ ^{many} reaches of the river
beautifully wooded. Here are ~~forests~~ ^{forests}, trees, cotton-
trees & hard grass trees. We have got into the
region of yucca trees; or a large palm. In the
beeches must needs get into the valley, &
some can they do so but by a leap from the
edge of the long cliff which ~~shades it~~ ^{shades it} in?

edge of the long cliff which
You make your way through a wild dell to a
wide round scar which slopes inward. That is,
the brow of the scar comes forward like a shelf or rug
from this low dark grassy rise visible, some
hundred feet, shooting far beyond the scar. The
long ribbon of water is graceful & beautiful by
the thing that delights you in that you can walk
round the fall, get behind it, between the water
& the crag, & watch the stream descending sheer
without any background.

without any background.
Lines of four forces may be seen from Astoria
a few miles lower down in valley. This is a great valley
pit

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picturesque from some points of view, where you see
the grey church & homesteads in a setting of trees,
& against a background of mountains, a quiet
well-to-do village, whose folk are busy with farm labour.

Ashriff has made a reputation for itself of late
however, & ^{Englishmen} ~~visitors~~ ^{are} ~~here~~ ^{that} ~~crowd~~ ^{that} ~~is~~ ^{as}
far as to fill the town & three ^{small} ~~small~~ ^{quarters} & a few lodges
here.

The attraction is twofold - the lovely
scenery of this part of Wensleydale, & also the
exceedingly fine air which Ashriff enjoys, ~~because~~
because it is planted on the edge of the moor.

The country is very fine - an open valley with
hills & knolls & scattered ^{steep} ^{cliff} ^{of} ^{forest}
overlaid by Addleborough. The ^{highest} ~~highest~~ ^{highest} ~~forest~~ ^{forest} in
the Dale, & hemmed in by dark hills pressing
behind one another in gold after gold.

Then, evergreen & there, in ^{the} ^{valley} ^{of}
the heath which joins it, you ~~see~~ ^{come} ^{upon}
the most picturesque bit. There ... will fall
you, which is at the head of a lovely rapid, thick
wooded. The water comes down by several steps -
a series of beautiful cascades - & on either
side, the rock forms cave-like niches, draped
in the richest, greenest mosses & freely fringed
with ferns. "We left this spot with reluctance,
but highly exhilarated" says Wordsworth, the
dear lover of nature in all her beautiful aspects.

Ayegarth is the beauty of Wensleydale.
'Ayegarth is lovely!' you say to yourself as you
step out of the station; & again, as you look
up & down from the bridge, & as you climb
the slope which leads to the village a mile
distant, & wherever you look, & wherever you turn,
you say under your breath, Ayegarth is lovely.
When you leave the station you find yourself
half-way on the slope of a hill, thickly covered with

* Brackwood. Above, is a long stretch of bare moorland. Below, a richly wooded valley; for the station itself is built on a fragment of the old Wensleydale Greet, - & never had station & more picturesque spot. You are within compass of the low mountains of the watter, & the river is below, now & then, a gleaming stretch shines out from the thick band of trees; & on the other side, the crockethed pinnacles of the church tower rise from amidst trees - beautiful gardens everywhere.

You go down hill to the bridge & look up the valley: the broad river flows between high, wooded banks, winding this way & that, & you may see a dozen yards or so of smooth, flowing, deep-looking water, but not more. A boulder-strewn bed, bubbling fountains, rippling cascades, very beautiful & various from that running water can take. This is what you see. Here is a wooded island. Here, shallow pools, where the whole breadth of the river comes sparkling dancing down but on three broad steps in its rocky bed.

Above is the High Force, a ~~thin~~ fall from twenty feet - broken into two or three by the projecting rocks; & there is another, & another, above, & below the bridge, perhaps half a dozen lesser cascades before you reach the lower falls. 'Aragost' does 'proper'.

It is very beautiful; a single bull chest of water stretching across the whole breadth of the channel, & falling by five deep steps, forming of itself a smooth, beautiful, arched shower of water.